

Odd dream

by Mycan

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Summary: What if you fell into a dream where you lost hold of reality and fantasy? Would you believe it or would you act as it were a dream? This is the line where a choice must be made.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Chapter one: a simple dream...\*\***

Hello everyone. Well, this is weird, never made a disclaimer before. So I'm Mycan. An odd name I know, but I like it, so there. A few warnings before you read this. This is my first ever story, so forgive me if it is horrible. The other one is that the oc in this is a bit odd. Nice word odd. Anyway, if you think there is any way that I could improve, and I have a feeling you will, do say. But nicely please, I'm not fond of flamers. Oh before I forget, 'How to train your dragon' doesn't belong to me. Unfortunately.

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He could not believe what stood in front of him. An ancient thing whose very name would shake the bravest man to his knees, and Michael could not help but feel like that it was watching him. That single eyes somehow held a power over him, admiration he supposed. Yet the idol was made of mere wood, a statue that never had, or will, life. It did make him laugh though. A Norse idol, Odin, if he remembered correctly, was making him feel like it was alive.

Such a silly thought. "Something that does not live cannot create fear." The devil might cause fear, but not create it. The museum had enough statues to cause a fully grown man scream, if he was alone at night. But that was because he didn't know what could happen to him. The Norse section had every god, and not all of them were pretty. "But that doesn't mean that it can't help the flames burn." He blinked at that. A broad man stood next to him, a body akin to a Viking. But that didn't interest him; the man's eyes did.

His eyes were a plain green but it held so many emotions; knowledge, kindness, and love. Yet it held a power, like the idol, but it he could actually FEEL it. "He was a good man" He blinked again. Where did that come from? "He died" he felt his eyes furrow at those words "That single man stood against a monster but he was consumed, all because his son was blinded by anger" His words... they were covered in pure sadness, grief and guilt.

Great, now he's going to feel guilty later for making the poor man talk to him about this. "Yet his son died as well, but his children remembered him. And I have learned that nothing can fully die if they are not forgotten." The man glanced at the boy before smiling, all sadness gone. "So do not mourn, for he still lives" Charlie frowned at that bit, he might be English but he knew what happened. Nothing remained after Fenrir ate Odin, he simply disappeared.

"Why are you interested in Norse so much?" A third blink. Maybe he should have his eyes checked when he went to the optician again. "Would you get angry if I told you I get it from a film." Surprisingly, the man gained a childish face at that. Weird, he had a feeling that the man would get annoyed by that fact. "The dragons looked beautiful didn't they?" Ok, he was downright wrong. "That night fury was simply magnificent, both physically and mentally." The man frowned suddenly for a moment, anger in his eyes "Such a pity that he was stuck to that brat of a boy"

That caused a spark of rage to flicker to life in the boy's heart. "'Brat of a boy'? You dare call him that!?" Despite his better judgement, he walked up to the man, green eyes holding a dark flame. "That 'brat', as you call him, saved thousands of lives!" The boy snarled "and that boy saved that dragon and gave him a brighter future!" His hand clawed the dark shirt the man wore. "\*\*\*THAT BOY SAVED \*\*\_\*\*EVERYONE IN BERK!\*\*\_" And he let go of the man, chest heaving.

The brunette felt the man stare at him. He wasn't surprised. He barely talked and, suddenly, he almost banged his head against the man's. A tanned hand clutched at Michaels chest. God, he hated feeling the left over emotions. They made his chest feel empty. "You are very brave, you know that don't you?" He couldn't help but look up at that. And he saw a face that was too blank for someone that held so much emotion a few moments ago. The man continued to stare for a moment before looking at the idol.

"Have you heard the legend about this idol?" What the hell? First he was insulting a very brave lad and suddenly he was talking about a myth. What a weird man. "People say that this idol can grant wishes" the man was defiantly unique; he that sparkle in his eyes again. The man smirked at the look, and chuckled. The boy promptly jumped to his feet. No, that wasn't odd at all. The man just coincidently laughed when the thunder rolled, yeah that's it. Coincidence.

"The museum will close in ten minutes. I repeat, in ten minutes the museum will close." a sigh left his lip's at that cold voice. How unfortunate, the conversation was actually getting amusing. "Make a wish" or maybe the man was just a little eccentric. He liked mad odd people. He stared at the red head as he lectured "Some people say that a wish can be granted if you touch the statue"

An eyebrow rose at that sentence. "It's true, I got my wish granted." He could feel the annoyance showing on his face. He didn't mean it to happen but the man sounded like he was a child. Wishes were for people who were desperate for help. "What could I possibly wish for?" The man smirked at that "To go there." his eyes widened at that. "Smart man." And he turned towards the idol and touched its cheek. He closed his eyes and, in a way, prayed. "\_Please let me go there\_", he was just about to let go when he thought of something, "\_and to have a way to comeback..." \_And nothing happened.

"Are you done?" He jumped at the voice, but nodded anyway. "Then leave, this place closes in three minutes" He gave a soft chuckle at that. He felt like he was being thrown out. He walked towards the sections exit anyway, the man soon following suit. The boy glanced sideways for a moment before asking "Who are you?" The man grinned at that. The man seemed to smile a lot, not that it was a bad thing of course. "I'm Æ³rr. And you'll need this" And he pulled out an umbrella. Out of nowhere. Just when it began to rain.

He clicked his tongue in thought. For one he didn't even know when he got outside, he just left the idol a few seconds ago. Two is that when did that man have an umbrella and three is where the hell did the man go? He sighed, no matter it didn't matter that much anyway. At least he had something to protect him from the rain. He had to admit though, that man was unique; the man had an aura around him. "Hah. A god" eyes rolled as he said this, stepping slowly down the stairs.

"Yay I just met a god, and I can't wait to tell everyone" Sarcasm dripped from the words like the water on his umbrella. He suddenly stopped, a small smile on his lips. "Now shall I go right, or shall I go left?" Green eyes glanced in both directions, each road looking as dismal as the other. The small smile disappeared as his caught sight of something dark.

Clicking echoed the empty alley, accompanied by soft footsteps. "Perhaps this wasn't the best idea, this place stinks" His face scrunched as he walked past a puke covered wall. "Yeah not the best one" Yet he chuckled as a cloaked man walked in front of him, drunk from the songs the fellow was singing. And what on earth is a 'Nyd'? Must be a foreigner, the language proved that much.

"Are you alright? You look a bit... dizzy" the man looked up, a silly grin on his face. However the word 'old' would help, as seen by the grey hairs on his beard. A very big gray beard. A very big \_braided, \_graybeard\_. "\_I'm fine lad", a wave followed the words, "Just a little tipsy". The man then pointed to his face "I see you like the beard". Pure pride flowed of those words, and a tiny laugh escaped his lips at that. Before realising the weather.

"Why on earth are you out here? It's raining a storm!" He almost had to shout because the rain was so bad. Why didn't he notice it earlier, the man must be freezing. Yet the man laughed, arms raised to the sky, as if he was praising someone. "I love the rain! It's just so invigorating don't you think?" the man stared at the boy as he asked this. Michael glared for a moment before walking towards the man, steps causing small 'explosions' of water. The old man put up a confused face at the movement, but remained quiet.

"You are soaking wet" this was shown by a jab to the beard "So an

umbrella is needed" and he raised it over the man's head. The man pouted as the rain stopped, yet it went un-noticed to the boy. Something else caught his interest. The old man's eye was closed the whole time. "Is there something wrong with your eye?" And the pout slipped away, replaced with sadness. "I'm so sorry. I hoped to do this at a later date."

This caused a frown to appear on the boy's face. "Do what later?" But the man stayed silent, regret still on his face. As silent seconds went by, worry began to sink in Michael's frown. "Enough" he sighed "what are you going to do?" The man still remained quiet. Minutes ticked by, yet the man just stared. He even worried if the man was still alive, didn't even look like he was breathing. Another few passed by until the man moved. Head raised, he whispered "The rains stopped".

Worry was replaced by uncertainty. "And?" he merely tipped the umbrella to the side and pointed up. Michael complied and would shout if not for fear sieving his tongue. The rain was frozen, as if time stopped. And there was no sound. No speeding cars were heard, or the words of others street's flowing into the alley. Michael couldn't help but gape at the man, no thing, in front of him.

"What on earth have you done?" The man stared for a moment before sighing. "You wished for something at the museum, didn't you?" Fear crept into his mind, telling him to flee, but he couldn't. It was as if his legs were frozen, he couldn't even feel them. Then the man opened his other eye and nothing was inside. "Tell me, what being has one eye and can be seen as a traveller?" No, that man could possibly be him. He was consumed- "That other man was right you know." A calm blue eye met wide green ones, "No one dies if remembered"

The God waved an arm and the tension weakened slightly from the motion. "But that's not why I'm here" he paused, a slight frown forming, "I'm here to take you to Berk". Michael never felt more terrified, this couldn't be happening. "That was just a wish! It was just a dream!" A frown appeared on Odin's face "You wanted this to happen so" he raised his hand "you'll have it" and clicked.

And that set off the rain. The small streams slithered towards the boy's feet, wrapping around them and slowly covered his body. Sobs tore through the boy's throat as the water reached his waist. Michael twisted and turned but didn't move an inch. "Please stop! I don't want to go!" he clawed at the water, but it still climbed "My family!" it reached his elbows "My friends!" His shoulders now "Don't cry child" Odin whispered "You'll be safe." and the last of him was consumed.

## 2. Chapter 2

### Chapter 2: ...Can become real

Hello again. How are you? Did you have a nice day? Good, or bad if you didn't I suppose. Anyway, this is where a HTTYD character actually appears in my story and his point of view is used as well. His attitude is like that because he is shown to have a very powerful bond. Also, thanks for the reviews! I know I have like a couple but that makes me happy like a dog with a bone. Or Toothless with fish, choose the saying.. Now I don't own 'How to train your dragon'.

However, Michael belongs to me. God that sounded wrong. Now onto the story!

\* \* \*

><p>Cold. He was so cold, so <em>very <em>cold. It felt like he was in an ice cube. Not to mention that he felt like he was floating. If he was in air, which he doubted. It felt like he was in a womb, a cold womb, but a womb none the less. And why was it so dark? Was his eyes cold? It didn't feel like they were. So, to prove that question, he blinked and all he saw was a dark blue, as far as his eyes could see. That answered why it was cold and that floating sensation. But it created another question. Why the hell was he in a lake of all places! All he remembered was that something bad happened.

Also, how was he alive? Michael had a feeling that he was under for a while, so shouldn't he have drowned by now? So many questions, but no answers. He didn't feel like he was air deprived. To be completely honest, he felt full. \_But that won't last long. \_With that thought, he kicked his legs and swam upwards. But as he rose, he began to feel that his lungs were beginning to burn. He kicked harder but it did no good, the fire continued to grow and each kick made it worse. It burned so badly, Michael wondered if he would drown or turn to ash.

Suddenly, sleep sounded very good at that moment. Yes, sleep... that would stop the pain. Eyes flew open and he kicked harder. No, if he fell asleep he would never see his friends again. He needed to get higher. He was closer, so very close. He could see the sun and it was an arm's length away. But instinct took over, mouth opening to breathe air but only water was swallowed. Eyes widened as lungs filled with the liquid, bubbles streaming out towards the surface. Darkness crept into his eyes, threatening to blind him. He stretched his arm and he could feel the air. A silent roar rippled the water, and he gave one last desperate kick.

Water was thrown in all directions as a mess of hair and flesh flew out of the lake. Gasps left the boy's lips, arms flailing everywhere, eyes searching for land. Once found, he paddled towards it, his hands clawing into the sand as he pulled himself along. Harsh breathes were all that was heard in the hole. "Hole?" muttered the boy. Eyes slowly widened as Michael's mind was coming together. "Hole" his eyes glanced around and grey walls met his eyes. "Hole" he glanced towards a particular patch of earth. It was black, as if a fire had started but there was no ash. That could only mean... "Oh God. This is where Toothless flew again."

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Bright green eyes opened, pupils turning to slits as light fell on them. A yawn left the beast's maw, shaking itself as it stood. It glanced towards a twitching mass of blankets for a moment before padding towards the door. Butting the door, it walked out, tail swishing as it felt grass meet its paws. It stood there for a moment, relishing the feeling, before bounding towards the forest, a smile on its dark face.

It was agitating that it could not fly on its own anymore, not because of the rider, but the ground was so dull. There was no feeling of wind as it flew, the sound of speed never appeared, unless

it ran but that wasn't even an appetiser. The beast thought these things as it ran past wooden houses, pillars and other human things. It narrowed its eyes at that. Humans might be foolish things but his human was a lot better than the others. It dodged a sleepy human as she walked out, no doubt making her wonder what happened.

Humans, it snorted. At least there was one good one. It grinned at the thought of its own human. He was kind, understanding and simply wonderful. That human created a good future, one he wouldn't believe could happen if it was told a few months ago. But that didn't matter; at least Hiccup was his no- wait. It froze as it was a few feet in the forest, eyes slitting as something came over it. That feeling, as if something had gone wrong, something that wasn't meant to be.

Its tail flicked as it sniffed the air. Someone was in there, someone that shouldn't exist. It snarled as it realised where it was. It was in its special place, where he first formally met his human. Teeth were released as it ran, tail cracking trees as it did. Nothing was going to blemish they're home, not while it was alive. And it ran faster, wind running through its ears, making a small part of it smile at the sound. But the rest ignored it.

It twisted and turned as it jumped against a tree, claws leaving marks on the bark. No, it hissed, nothing would ever stain that place. It was too important to be dirtied, especially now. It slowed as it saw the hole, walls of stone with patches of moss on every rock. It stopped as it saw the thing begin to walk towards the ridge. It tensed as it saw it but realised that it was looking at something else.

Michael posed and acted through every memory that he could remember about the place. When Hiccup met Toothless the second time, when he gave Toothless his first fish and when Astrid found out about the dragon. But that didn't do anything. He was stuck. No matter what he thought, nothing came to mind. Why couldn't DreamWorks make a scene that showed Hiccup leaving this pit?

No human was seen leaving. All that was seen leaving was Toothless, and he only managed because he had claws. "Lucky dragon" A stone skimmed over the water "Why can't we have claws too?" But as he remembered that scene, something particular came to mind. The claws made marks, just big enough for fingers. Well, he hoped that at least. There wasn't that much coverage of the marks. Plus the rain might have altered it, if rain turned acidic this far back.

Michael looked at the natural balcony for a moment before walking towards it. He had to admit, the grass felt really soft against his feet. Almost like carpet. The stone walls felt rather smooth as well. He scowled; Michael couldn't feel any marks, just flat stone. He searched the wall from his jumping height right down to his feet, but there were no marks. Nothing to help him get out. He couldn't help but hiss at that. He was going to starve here. What a great way to leave, plus that so-called God said he would be safe. Ha, safe! Starvation doesn't count as safe in his opinion.

If he ever saw Odin again, he would- "What was that?" Michael head snapped upwards, eyes staying on the stone balcony. His eyes narrowed as nothing moved. He heard something growl when he kicked the wall. He gave a soft kick again and another growl was heard. Michael smirked at the sound. So something was there. Now what would growl

when this place was 'attacked'? That isn't too hard to figure out, thought the boy. "Toothless! I know your there boy!"

Nothing happened. Michael clicked his tongue, annoyance showing on his. He knew he was there and the dragon is smart enough to show itself. He tapped his foot, eyes still stuck on the balcony. He stare was so intense that he didn't notice a dark blob slithering towards him from behind, venom eyes glaring fire.

How dare that monster! It dared to strike their home; it even kicked again when it heard him. He was annoyed that he let that slip, now that the thing knows that he's there. Thankfully, he didn't catch him sneaking from the opposite wall. His dignity was damaged enough from being caught. Twice, as well! Being with Hiccup must have softened his skills. He used to strike something and get away, with him in front of the prey. Ah, the old days. But they were gone, but these days are good. Or should he say 'were'?

But that wasn't the point. The point is that thing isn't meant to exist, he felt that much, but there it stood, as if mocking reality for this slip up. He was tempted to fix the mistake, but Hiccup would be horrified at this. He was rather squeamish, after all. Very different from the other Vikings, not that it was a bad thing. The boy was everything that the others were lacking. He landed on the ground, not a sound echoed from the movement.

He glanced towards it, and blinked at it. It looked human, it even smelled human. But that couldn't be, if it were human that feeling wouldn't appear. It was tapping its foot, a human mannerism, and was leaning on his back leg, another mannerism. It was too human to be a face. Perhaps it was that 'Loki' being. It did create a lot of chaos to the Vikings, but Toothless knew that he couldn't kill a god. That was suicide.

His tail swayed softly as multiple scenarios popped into his mind, each one not ending well. Only because Hiccup would get annoyed. He was going to hiss at that, but held it in. If that boy heard him so close, he could do something to retaliate. Nothing bad, but something none the less. So he did the most natural thing any dragon would do. He pounced.

He collided with it, both of them rolling as they fell. When they stopped, the thing managed to face him. Odd but effective. By the looks of it, the boy was terrified; it looked like its heart was going to give out. But there was something else. He peered at the thing, something wasn't right. The fear on the boys face wasn't at the fact that he could kill him. It looked like 'Toothless' very existence made the boy slightly loose his mind.

That never happened to any of his other prey. Yes, they were surprised that he showed himself to them, but not enough to break down their mind. That did worry him, despite the thing not meant to exist. Now that he was closer, he could smell that it was male. He wasn't surprised, only human males had that arrogance. But not that wisdom.

The boy knew his given name, which could only mean three things. One was that the boy knew Hiccup, which was unlikely as he never seen the boy before, two, which was that the boy was spying in him or three, which was more unlikely than the first one, that the boy was special

in some way. But he was dragged out of his thoughts as the boy was getting worse. The boy was mumbling things; he swore he heard the Human say "I'm dreaming this isn't real" and other mad-related things.

Perhaps Hiccup could help him. But perhaps that wasn't a good idea. Not while the boy was like this. His rider would probably give him endless questions as to where he found the boy, and why he was like this. He tilted his head in thought, tail swishing as he looked at the boy. Now, what did Humans do when they tried to calm someone down? Oh yes, a 'slap'. And he did just that. The black paw smacked the soft cheek; the human's face slowly turning red from the power. It seemed to work as well.

The human stop mumbling and actually had a semi-calm look on his face. Still terrified, but calm. He lowered his paw, out of respect may he add, to let the boy collect himself. When he did, the boy grabbed his head! He stared at him, his eyes piercing into his own. The child was looking for something. His eyes were checking for some kind of sign. Toothless could see that, the boys eyes kept looking at every inch of his face. He glared at the brat; \_I would stop if I were you.\_

The boy did let go, but not before he was frowned at. "Get off, you useless reptile" He leapt of the thing, surprise on the reptiles face. Why did he say that? Only Hiccup said that to him. Only Hiccup had the heart to say that him. The brat smirked at that "Don't be so surprised" he got up, and at the sight of his trousers, gave them a pat down. "Your rider is famous, my reptilian friend" He widened his eyes; he wouldn't dare say his name would he? That name will not be dirtied. "Hiccup is well known." he dared to say his name? The roar that he released seemed to put the boy in his place. For two seconds.

The boy laughed at him. "You think that will work!" he roared back "This is nothing but a dream. Death will just wake me up faster." he was snarling at the boy now. Did the child not fear death? What being would not fear death? And what did that boy mean by 'dream?' no matter. He had to deal with the lunatic. He would have to deal with the consequences later. He pounced at the brat, teeth released and mouth wide. The boy's arms were wide open, as if accepting what's going to happen. Good. The boy was going to get one hell of a surprise.

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"What the hell are you doing!" Valhalla, that boy could shout. Why didn't he loose his voice? "Put me down! I like this shirt, that mouth of yours will ruin it!" He spared the boys life AND is taking him somewhere safe. What else did that boy want, a gold chair to sit on? He snorted at that, perhaps he hung around with Gobber too much. That man was a bit odd, and he said the weirdest things. A 'hammerhead yak' was one of them, if he remembered properly. But that didn't matter at the moment, the village was in sight.

"Don't you dare take me there! Do you have any idea what damage this would do!" ah, so the boy saw where they were going. Good, he didn't want to explain anything. He lost patience the moment the boy laughed. No matter, one jump and he was on top of his humans nest. And... There, now where was that window? "Let me go, you bloody



lizard! Ugh, please tell me that's your tongue..."

\_No, it's a snake. \_

"Oi, don't give me that look! I don't know your biology!" There it was, and if that was the right one, it would be directly over Hiccup.

\_Have fun.\_

The boy glared at that look. "What do you think you doin-" And toothless promptly dropped him through it.

### 3. Chapter 3

Chapter three: good morning

Hello again. How are you all doing my lovelies? You now it is such a pity I have to pretend I can hear you but hey, what can you do? Anyway here is my new chapter. I thank you for the new review, because honestly. God this is going to sound selfish. Anyway honestly, if I don't know what people's feelings about this fic I don't know if I should continue. You lot are my inspiration. You lot help me along and so on. Anyway with that chick flick moment done, I give you my chapter.

p.s. I don't own HTTYD

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><p>Forget Odin, when he manages to get that dragon a new coat would miraculously pop out of nowhere. Yes, a lovely shiny scaled coat. That would be delightful, if he managed to get out of the house un-noticed. If Hiccup saw him, his already damaged psyche would get worse. Or he would wake up. But he doubted that, that would be way too easy. Every time he woke up was when he either died or was about to die.<p>

Michael would have chuckled if not for the fact that he was in the boy's house. It was amazingly dark despite it being rather bright outside. Or did he get knocked out? Nah, he would've been woken up if he did. But that didn't matter. He had to get out of the house, with barely any light or idea of the houses layout. Now that he thought of it, perhaps DreamWorks should have gone in detail of a lot of things. He sat up, his back aching from laying down too long.

He should've got up straight away; the pain was bad enough without his tail bone moving to its own accord. How that happened, he'll never know. The dragon let go of him when he was facing the ground and he managed to fall on his backside. Weird world. Michael froze; he swore he heard someone groan. He glanced behind him and peered. He could barely see it but an outline of a bed and a mass could be seen. He was a mere few yards from Hiccup. Perhaps he could see what he would look like for real.

Michael nibbled his bottom lip for a moment, temptation singing in his mind. He could finally see Hiccup but if he was caught... Ugh, he didn't want to know what Stoick would do to him. That Viking wasn't the kindest being in Berk, even to his son, so what would he do to

him? He shook his head. This wasn't the time to get worried; if he got caught Hiccup would try to protect him. The boy was too kind to allow that to happen. At least in the films he was.

A sigh left his lips as he chose. He slowly got up, the wood creaking slightly from the sudden movement. Another groan came from the bed in front. Wasn't these homes remade every now and then? Or did that stop when the raids stopped. Luckily that was the only time he made a noise. He was rather stealthy, in his own opinion. Not like toothless but still stealthy. Tip-toeing, he made his way towards the bed. Michael was thankful that there was nothing on the floor.

He could slightly make out Hiccups scrunched up body. He would've awed if it was a different situation. He looked like one of his dogs with a blanket over it. A skinny dog, but still a dog. Hiccup was probably lighter than Astrid was. What did the boy eat, grass? He could be a vegetarian, but he ate that bile-covered fish the dragon gave him. He also wanted to kill dragons, as foolish as that was. Michael scowled at that memory. How can someone be peer pressured into killing something? There was Valhalla but still, it wasn't right.

He shook his head violently at those things. The boy realised his mistakes and easily made up for it. But now, he thought as he reached out, it is time to reveal the savior. He pulled the dark material down, and he saw the boy. Brown-red hair somehow glittered, freckles were sprinkled on his cheeks and scabs and bruises remained on his face. Caused from the fight with the Queen, no doubt. His green eyes narrowed as his eyes looked at an odd bump at the footboard. The infamous metal leg, he guessed.

It still must hurt if the cuts and bruises were still on his face. They looked fresh as well, so Michael arrived rather soon after the battle. He had to leave as fast as possible. The boy was weak enough without wounds; with them he would be a lot more worrying. A bad combination in his books, he knew from experience. But a mere step backwards and the boy's eyes opened, groggy and tired. He could feel the blood drain from his face. Well, he was dead. He might as well have thrown himself to the Queen, it would have been quicker than Stoick.

"May God preserve me." he whispered. Then Hiccup saw him. And gave one of the funniest screams anyone could give in that moment. He even gave a chuckle at the red heads face. Just like the scream painting. But he froze instantly the moment the boy stopped. That was too sudden and the stare the boy was giving him was too strong for a normal hiccup stare. He looked like he saw a frog to dissect. Then he said something that almost made Michael fall.

"What animal skin are you wearing? And why the Hel are you soaking wet?"

He managed to stand but his mouth did unhinge from his jaw. Only Hiccup would scream so high glass would break, then ask why he was in his present condition as if he knocked on the door and asked to come in. What a weird boy, but weird was a good sign of character. While these thoughts ran through his head, Hiccup began to get out of bed. Michael managed to notice that before he fully got up. "Hiccup, stay right there!" and he did as he was told. But that, apparently, doesn't apply to his mouth.

"Who are you? How did you get in my house?" It was very tempting to say that his dragon kidnapped him and dropped him through a window. But the boy would get mad at the thing, and that might make it ever so slightly angry at him. It seemed to get really annoyed at him earlier at saying Hiccups name. Were dragons meant to be that possessive? If they were then the village was going to have a lot of f- "Excuse me, but can you answer me please?" An eyebrow rose at that. The boy was impossibly passive for a Viking.

"I, my lanky friend, got into this by that window" And he point upwards as if that would prove that fact. Hiccup, however, didn't seem convinced.

"How did that happen then?"

Michael could not help but notice that Hiccup was standing just like his father, the look really finishing it off. It would actually intimidate him but for the fact that it was that particular Viking in front of him. "I was checking the roof."

"For what?"

Ah, he hoped he wouldn't ask that. Then he remembered something that the teen used to do. "I was checking for..." \_please let this work \_"Trolls."

The Viking blinked at that. Well, at least it stopped him talking. "I'm going to ignore that." Or maybe not. "Now, who are you?" Michael placed his hand on his chest, mock surprise on his face.

"Me?" he was frowned at for a moment but it vanished instantly. The boy didn't have a bad bone in his whole body.

"Yes you"

"You sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure"

"You really sure?"

"Really really sure" Hiccups eyes were twitching and, for some odd reason, it was really funny. What would happen when he lost his temper, he wondered.

"You completely and UTTERLY sure?" Please let this be it. Nothing came out of the boy's mouth and he grinned at that. Here it comes.

"What is your name?" That was disappointing, the boy calmed right down. Well, he supposed, having Toothless must make most people lose their patience and temper. Someone had to adapt to it, so why not Hiccup? But still. Michael expected something to happen, a clenched fist at the least.

Suddenly, he felt that he should apologise to Hiccup. Maybe he was a bit rude to do that, but he did almost get killed by a dragon a bit earlier, so he needed something to cheer him up. But, he will anyway, he'll feel horrible till he wakes. Which would be a long time, he

thinks. "I apologise for that... 'slip' of mentality. This hasn't been a good day for me."

Hiccup blinked at him, before smiling "It's alright. But" the smile slipped off "Your name." Damn him for being too stubborn.

"Its mi-" No, bad Michael, people can't know your real name. Bad things might happen if they do. The red-head quirked his own eyebrow at that "My?" an idea came to life at that word. "Mmycan? Yeah. Mycan, Mycan Gard at your service." He gave a respectful bow at the end.

"Mycan Gard?" He gulped at that tone, which was the tone of disbelief. "Weird name, but so is mine" Thank God, or is the term 'Gods' now? "So Mycan" he straightened at that "Trolls huh?"

He felt a blush rise on his cheeks. Perhaps he should of said dragons instead. Only children looked for trolls these days. How embarrassing. "Well, I saw something on the roof. So I climbed. And then I fell." Hiccup just stared at him. Maybe the truth would have had a better reaction.

"You fell into my house by climbing onto the roof?" All he did was grin at the lad, but he knew it looked fake. He was a horrible liar.

"In my defence, your dragon tripped me." Did he grow a second head or something, because Hiccup seemed to think so? Was it so hard to believe that his beloved dragon was a trickster?

"Toothless did that?!" Seemed so. What happened next made Michael wonder what made him dream this up. Toothless, being as graceful as a log, fell through the skylight. Arms wrapped around his form, which was shaking like a leaf. Teeth bit into lips as chuckles tried to leave his throat. All the while this happened; Hiccups gave him evils,\_ evils! \_Since when did evils exist in the 8th century?

"I'mm so... hehe... sorrrrry but this is, ha-ha, \_too much!\_ Hahaha you fell on your \*\*face\*\*!" he couldn't hold it in anymore, the laughter too strong to contain. His laughter echoed around the house, joined by the thump of him falling backwards. "Oh how the mighty have fallen! Literally!" He couldn't breathe but he did care. He wanted to savour the moment that a \_night fury \_fell on his \_face!\_ From the rare moment that his eyes were open, Hiccup was tending to the damaged dragon. The look on the reptiles face was priceless, he looked so, so

"Weak?" No, that couldn't be right. No being would intentionally look that pathetic unless they wanted attention. But why would Toothless want Hiccups attention so badly? He read that Toothless was rather possessive in some stories but not like this. He did react badly towards him saying the boy's name. But that could just be him being protective; he did know the name without actually meeting the boy. But this was more than that, it was too powerful for just that.

Toothless was planning something and he didn't like it. The dragon gave a soft croon as the boy rubbed his ear. Michael couldn't help but let an eye twitch come out. He defeated a Nightmare, easily may he add, and didn't even get a scratch from it. The boy was either

still tired or was more stupid than the movie let on. The dragon gave a brief glance at him but that glance showed smugness. Oh, if he wants to play like that then he will too. This is his world so it shouldn't be that hard to win. He breathed out slowly, hardening his heart. He did hate lying to nice people, but he was challenged.

A loud hiss left his lips as he tried to get up. Perhaps acting wasn't necessary, his tail bone still moved on its own. But it worked and the boy zoomed at Michael with surprising speed. He was helped up and was put onto the bed. He didn't even know what happened until Hiccup asked if he was comfortable. "I'm fine thanks. But my tail bone feels like it has its own mind." The Viking looked worried for a moment before running for the stairs.

"There are some medicinal herbs in my room. I'll be back in a sec." and he disappeared.

A moment later the two 'competitors' glared at each other, fire in both of their eyes. "What are you playing at?" the dragon hissed at the command.

\_That is not your concern, child.\_

Michael scoffed at the look "I'm not a fool. You are up to something." He looked at the dragon through the corner of his eye "This isn't how you normally act." The reptile gave a laugh at that, though it didn't sound like one.

\_You don't know me. \_

"You are acting more like a kitten than the powerful being that you are." Pupils turned to slits at those words. So he hit a sore spot, good. Now he knew what he was turning into.

The look was mirrored on the boy's face, except the slitted pupils of course. \_At least I exist because I should. \_

Michael frowned at those sounds, what did he say? "What was that?" The dragon just smirked at that.

\_Silly boy, you don't even know do you? \_

Michael could feel that the dragon was taunting him, but he couldn't even understand the 'words'. Damn these language barriers. "What did you just say?" All he got was a smirk. He narrowed his eyes at that look. He was losing his patience and maybe that coat promise just might happen.

"Here we are." And the glares dissipated the moment Hiccup stepped on the floor. "This herb can relieve pain. Only for a while though." He held up a white stringy flower. "We call this flower EngsvÄss. The roots can be crushed and drunk with water to help ease most pains." He turned towards the centre of the room and, after a few tries, started a fire. As he did his work, the dragon sent silent threats at Michael while he merely smirked back. The lizard was way too easy to annoy.

A moment later a cup of brown water was out in front of his face. He blinked at it for a moment, was it just him or does that look like something rather disgusting? "I know it doesn't look good but it

helps." no wonder Hiccup was thought to be odd, giving out this kind of medicine. So he, with the utmost reluctance, took a sip. And almost guzzled the rest if not for the small fact of him needing to breath. That was the most delicious tea he ever had.

"I don't know why, but the roots taste rather good as tea. Of course no one listens to me. Despite stopping the raids and helping create a pact between the dragons and us." He gaped at the boy. Even after saving generations of lives, he was still being treated like the plague. What was wrong with those people? The film showed everyone happy for him.

"But you saved..." Hiccup nodded at the silent question. A familiar spark of anger flared into life at the answer "I swear when I see that chief I will-" "

You will what?" that voice froze his tongue and the spark was snuffed out. He looked behind and shook with fear at the person that stood behind him.

Stoick the Vast stood tall and he was not happy.

\* \* \*

><p>Oh just remembered, again, please review. Like i said earlier your review is the blood of this story. Please help it live a little longer.<p>

End  
file.